

THE EVENING CRITIC.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST, 1868.

The Late George Valentine.

Mr. Harry Valentine has returned from Columbus, Ohio, where he has been attending to the funeral of his brother George, who was recently drowned there. George Valentine, it appears, was as popular in Columbus among his business associates as he was in Washington. Himself and brother, Ned Valentine, held responsible positions in the large clothing establishment of S. Lazarus & Co., and the sudden death of George Valentine was greatly deplored. At a meeting of employees of S. Lazarus & Co., Monday evening, July 18, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it having pleased the Almighty to remove from our midst a valued and esteemed friend and associate, Mr. George C. Valentine; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to his greatly bereaved mother and brothers.

Resolved, That we attend the interment in a body to be put on of respect to him.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Washington Evening Critic, and be sent to his mother and brothers.

A. Harmon, E. L. Moon, C. E. Horn, F. C. A. Schwarz, J. Schellack.

The committee named above represented eighty other employees of the firm. The remains were temporarily placed in a vault and will be forwarded to this city for interment at Congressional Cemetery in a few days.

Death of an Old Washingtonian in New Mexico.

John H. McCutcheon, a former resident of this city, died suddenly at Socorro, New Mexico, on the 11th inst., in the 54th year of his age. He was born in this city, and resided here until he was 45 years of age, following his profession of the law. In 1870, on account of failing health, he removed to Salt Lake, Utah, where he remained several years; thence he went to Deadwood, and after practicing law there for three years and meeting with reverses in the great Deadwood fire, he left and settled in New Mexico. He leaves a wife and two children. He was greatly respected in Socorro, and his funeral was largely attended by members of the Bar and others. He was a member of the Washington Association of Common Council under the old municipal system. He married Miss Annie Davies, daughter of the late Dr. F. Davies, and she, with two children, survive him, and were with him at the time of his death. Four of his sisters also survive him, Mrs. J. C. Gibson, Mrs. E. W. W. Griffin, Mrs. J. C. Gibson, and Mrs. R. W. Goggin and Mrs. James W. Twyman of New York. He was the only son of the late Mrs. Ann McCutcheon, and nephew of Gen. P. F. and Samuel Bacon, of this city.

The Rifle.

The regular military subscription rifle match, which was to have taken place on Friday, was postponed until Saturday afternoon on account of the inclement weather. In the shooting Saturday afternoon scores were made as follows: W. L. Cash, 31; Lieut. Burton Ross, 30; Walter Cash, 29; C. H. Laird, 29; C. E. Fraser, 26; W. H. Harrison, 26. In the re-entry match the following scores were made: Lieut. Burton Ross, 32; W. L. Cash, 31; Walter Cash, 29; Charles H. Laird, 29; Leon Schell, 26; William Vanstall, 26. The first prize was taken by Lieut. Ross, the second by W. L. Cash. The final score of Lieut. Ross was somewhat remarkable in considering that it closed with two "bull's-eyes."

Summary of Morning News.

—Capt. C. P. Smith, the veteran steamboat captain and hero of the Seawanhaka disaster, died at his home in Roslyn, L. I., yesterday.

—A dispatch to the Chicago Times from Minneapolis says: "A severe tornado passed over Sleepy Eye Friday, July 21, destroying trees, buildings and crops."

—Mr. William H. Robertson arrived in New York from Albany Saturday night. He said he would take his place as collector of the port a week from to-day.

—The injunction asked for by Van Schick against the Western Union Telegraph Company to prohibit the distribution of "watered" stock has been denied.

—Eugene E. Wight, an alleged murderer, who escaped some years ago from the Colorado State prison, where he was serving a life sentence, has been arrested at Boston.

The walls of the Assembly chamber, Albany, N. Y., were on Saturday adorned with laudatory eulogies and placards—placard readings: "For President in 1884, Winfield Scott Hancock."

—Jacob Emanuel, 38 years old, a shoe manufacturer of New York, while moving a large case of shoes Saturday, fell through a hatchway from the third story and died from the injuries he received.

—Maud S. trotted three heats against her own record on Saturday afternoon at Chicago. In the first heat she made a break and completed the mile in 2:21; the second mile she trotted in 2:14, and the third in 2:11.

—The Tin and Slatroffs' Union of New York met on Saturday night, when reports were received to the effect that 500 men who had been on a strike for a week, had been taken back last Monday by their employers at \$3.50 per day, an advance of 50 cents per day.

—Don't forget Prentiss' Concentrated Lemonade for your lunch. Seventh and F.

"Poor Little Jim."

For this Currier The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean. Yet all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean. The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild. As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child. A little worn out creature, once bright eyes grown dim— It was a collier's wife and child—they called him Little Jim.

And, oh! to see the burning tears fast flowing down her cheek. As she offered up a prayer in thought—she was unable to speak. Lest she might awaken one she loved far better than her life! For she had all a mother's love, and this poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed. And prays that He will spare her boy and take herself instead. She gets her answer from the bed; soft fell the words from him: "Mother, the angels do so smile and beckon Little Jim."

"I have no pain, dear mother, now; but, oh! I am so dry. Just moisten Little Jim's lips and, mother, don't you cry. With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquor to his lip. He smiled to thank her as he took each tiny little sip.

"Tell father when he comes from work I said good bye to him. And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor Little Jim.

She knew that he was dying; the child she loved so dear. Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear. The cottage door is open—the collier's step is heard— The father and mother meet, yet neither speak a word. He knew that he was over; he felt his boy was dead. He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed. And his quivering lip gave token of the grief he felt. And see his wife enfolded him—the stricken couple knelt. With beads of sorrow down his cheeks they humbly ask of him. In Heaven once again to meet their own poor Little Jim.

A Trotter in Disguise.

Philadelphia Record. Two guileless-looking individuals, giving the names of James Elliott, Jr., and Michael Cleary, were before Magistrate List recently upon the charge of defrauding Jacob Brown out of \$100 by a somewhat novel scheme. Brown keeps an inn where horsemen stop and eat, stable talk, Snyder avenue, near the Point House road. On Monday afternoon the two innocents drove up to Brown's place with a dilapidated vehicle drawn by a horse that looked as though he had not seen a curry-comb for twenty years. The animal was rigged with harness improvised from discarded clothes-lines, and was so bespattered with mud that his color was scarcely distinguishable. Elliott and Cleary, who were a pair of rascals, took the reins, and, while the players were tossing the rings, Brown, who is a fancier of horses, took the size of the beast in rags, and, with a jeer, remarked: "What are you going to do with that?" "Why there's nothin' ails that horse," said Elliott. "I'm going to sell him."

The whole rignin', horse, wagon, and clothes-line, wouldn't bring a five-dollar note," Brown said, with another laugh. "Well that's where you make a mistake," replied Elliott, as he tossed a ring and won the drinks. "You can't buy him for a hundred. I tell you what I will do, I'll bet you \$100 he can go in three minutes."

"Get on!" said Brown, but when Elliott produced a roll of bank-notes the inn keeper saw the challenge was seriously made, and eagerly took the bet. The trio then jumped into the wagon and drove over to Point Breeze, followed by quite a party. Cleary was made the stakeholder. Brown was in high glee, and remarked: "Ain't this a puddin'" as Elliott took the reins and drove the animal on the track. The horse was drawn up the starting point and at the word "go" he went up like a shot, and off he went in good style, to the astonishment of Brown, who knew before the first quarter of the race that he had been victimized. The mile was made in 2:37. The disguised animal is supposed to be a New York horse. A butcher named William Falls, residing on South Broad street, was swindled out of \$100 by the cunning horsemen a few days ago. Magistrate List held Elliott and Cleary in \$500 bail to answer.

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—The fly that walks over my oleomargarine is not a butterfly, necessarily speaking. —Jack Downes.

—It is one big mistake to suppose that tub-rose by any other name would spell as wheat. Don't it? —Popper, the flower peddler.

—Oarsmen have to have pretty long arms when they hug the shore; but ordinary arms are long enough for the girls. —Robert the Rowing.

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Notable Sayings of Notable Men.

"Black eyes are usually followed by the blues." —Billy Lasselle.

"There is no disgrace in being poor, but its a—d—d inconvenient." —Tom Soren.

"Hard money is not hard to get when one has a soft job." —Policeman Henkle.

"I have found my dog and am joyful in the happy land of Canine." —D. C. Forney.

"Dot 'Happy Twelve' was a great institution and don't you forget him." —Joe Platz.

"Why don't you Southern fellows learn how to save your money?" —Clerk J. J. Camp.

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—It is one big mistake to suppose that tub-rose by any other name would spell as wheat. Don't it? —Popper, the flower peddler.

—Oarsmen have to have pretty long arms when they hug the shore; but ordinary arms are long enough for the girls